W31c0m3 T0 Hyru13

It had been quite some time since the last time that Klao had visited the mall… and seeing just how much had changed in that time was baffling to him. There was some familiarity to the food court and the grocery store… but the amount of new clothing stores genuinely threw him for a loop. Who's buying all of this? There was something that really caught him off guard, though… while also garnering most of his attention. That was a new gaming store. It wasn't anything well-known, just a humble little store tucked away in one of the back corners of the mall and had all sorts of older items inside. If you were looking for the newest games and consoles, this is not where you'd go. But if you liked looking for more retro stuff, this place was a heaven.

He was in utter awe as he stepped inside the little shop and looked around him. There were all sorts of retro consoles scattered throughout every little inch of the store. NES games stacked to the brim behind the counter, SEGA Dreamcasts tucked away in one of the back corners, even Virtual Boys lining a small section of the back wall. What caught his attention the most, however, was the demo station set up in the other back corner. Seeing that excited him as he made his way across the store, his shoes softly thumping against the carpeted floor. When he finally stood in front of the device, he wasted no time pressing the button, turning it on and revealing that it was a demo station for the Legend of Zelda: Skyward Sword for the Wii.

"Wow… I haven't played this game in forever, neat!"

Klao knew he had all the time in the world right now since it was a day away from responsibilities for him and the mall was still going to be open for a few more hours. He had plenty of time to kill, so why not try out the demo station? He hasn't used anything like this in quite some time, so he was a little excited to give it a shot. He immediately got himself situated with the connected controller… strange how only one was connected and the other was sitting loose, but he chose not to worry about that. The owners may only want one person playing at a time or something. Everything about the game seemed completely unassuming anyways when the main menu came up, so the least he can do is not get distracted by menial things and enjoy himself with a new game. Little did he realize just how immersive this demo station truly was.

The demo started exactly the same as Skyward Sword always has, and it made him wonder how long this demo would actually be. The original demos for the game were little snapshots of different sections, while this seemed to be starting off at the start like the full game. Perhaps this demo station was set up in a way that it just played the full game but with some kind of time limit attached? Regardless, the moment he gained control after cutscenes, he was more than raring to go to make the best use of whatever time he had with it. His grip on the Wii remote subconsciously tightened as it felt stiffer against his fingertips. If he had bothered to look down, he would've realized that the remote appeared to be more metallic and discoloured in appearance… almost like the hilt of a sword.

It completely flew over Klao's head as he was far more focused on becoming immersed into the game, unaware that the game was taking 'immersion' to an entirely different level. It played exactly how he remembered Skyward Sword playing… hell, the more he played, the higher he could feel his adrenaline pumping. Every swing of the sword in the game was making his body feel stronger as tingly waves ran through his musculature. Every single individual muscle in his body showing signs of growth as they ached softly. They weren't becoming huge by any means, but the larger size was still evident on his leaner body. He did his best to ignore those feelings, a brief distraction being visible in the corner of his eye, glitching like a rip in reality. But when he looked over, the store around him seemed normal.

"Huh…"

He returned his attention to the game in front of him, progressing the story as normal, which made him wonder… how far would this demo actually go? It seemed to be just like the normal game, so it must have a cut-off at some point, right? Regardless, he was having fun watching Link's sword link up with the movement of his stretched-out Wii remote perfectly. Reality around him began glitching again more harshly this time, but this time he ignored the shimmering in the corners of his eyes, choosing to just focus on the game instead, causing him to miss the bright green that was being slathered onto his short pink sleeves.

It was far from a slow process; the pink being swallowed up entirely by the green after only a couple of minutes, and that same green was quickly spilling over the rest of the sky-blue shirt. The shade bore a very striking resemblance to the very character he was controlling… if he was even really still controlling Link anymore.

Klao's movements were growing more and more one-to-one with the Hylian on-screen the more he played… and he failed to realize that it was likely already too late for him to back out. His leaner muscles rippled slightly with each movement he made while his height was also dipping lower by a few inches, bringing his point of view closer to the ground. The hem of his shirt was starting to gradually tug itself downwards, stretching the fabric longer on his body while the green continued to spread across the fabric like dripping molasses. Even the smell of the green fabric seemed off from what he would be used to… more foresty… and wild. Like someone who spends most of their time outside. He continued playing, but it was starting to feel like something was seriously wrong now with all these ticklish sensations running across his skin…

"Can you please just… ugh… cooperate with me here?"

It was becoming hard for him to focus as his body just felt weirder and weirder by the second. How was he supposed to keep his attention on the game if his body continued to disagree with him like this? Perhaps he was being stubborn about this, but his excitement over seeing a demo station like this was just too incredible for him to not take full advantage of. The reality around him was beginning to seriously blur the lines between Earth and Hyrule as the glitching was seamlessly melding them together as if pulling Klao right into the screen and making him one with the fictional universe.

By this point, his shirt had already pulled down a decent way beyond his waistline, and the green showed no mercy, overtaking every little inch of it. The pink neckline shrinking away as a small slit seamlessly ripped into the centre of the fabric that now hung quite low under his neck. It hung quite loose on his body, but the resemblance was unmistakable as he now wore an identical green tunic to Link's. This complete alteration of his shirt only seemed to speed up the assimilation process as the Link he was controlling only seemed to be getting closer and closer to him. He even jumped in surprise when swinging ahead of him, and instead of seeing the wired Wii remote, the Master Sword was gripped in his hand, complete with a glimmering silver blade and the purple wings that spread out from the hilt that he was gripping oh so tightly.

"That… am I hallucinating?"

Klao attempted to bring the sword closer to him so he could inspect the details, but he ended up swinging forward again as the sound of a barrel being smashed clamoured in his ears, making him wince. He felt his leg lift up and, despite the effort in stopping it that made his face go slightly red,

took a step forward. It was becoming increasingly clear just how fast he was completely losing control of his own body, and it baffled him on how he didn't even really pick up on it until this very moment. He was still able to shift and turn himself, but it took a significant amount of effort to do so. His body felt… heavier, both figuratively and literally.

The literal weight was coming from a shifting material beneath his tunic, almost as if the green fabric were spitting out another layer directly upon his skin… two, in fact. A cream-coloured fabric tickling his skin as it wrapped around him and loosely settled on his stronger proportions. This material spreading farther than the green tunic as it became visible closer to his neck while also forming a small slit right in the centre. The sleeves stretching much farther than the tunics as well, reaching all the way down to his wrists, while the scratchier fabric did leave him with itches that he couldn't even scratch… driving him partially insane for a few minutes before the itching subsided after his body grew used to the sensation.

This was when the weight really came in, however, as the light clinking of metal resounded from within the warm pocket that now existed between the green tunic and the cream shirt. Just like with the shirt, the chainmail that was being spewed out from the inside of the green tunic wrapped around his body and connected back to itself as it tightened down across his body. The chainmail rapidly spread outwards from a central point to cover his entire chest. It didn't spread quite as far as the cream shirt but still clearly poked out at the hem of the green tunic as well as out of the ends of both sleeves.

Klao felt a stronger tightening sensation around both his waist as well as across his torso. Looking down again, he could clearly make out the brown leather belt that was snaking around his waist and clasping itself down with a shiny silver buckle, keeping the tunic in place while also shaping it against his body. The strap that was sliding in across his torso did so in a diagonal fashion as it flipped all the way around to the other side of his torso and expanded on his backside to make enough room for the sword as a leather hilt. It didn't really take a genius to piece together what was happening anymore, and the fact that he could no longer see Link in front of him anymore only solidified that fact.

"This **HAS** to be a dream… right? ……*Right*…?"

He fully pulled himself out of the stupor that he had previously been trapped in, doing his best to move with his own autonomy. He couldn't really go anywhere, but he was able to look around and behind him. What he saw when he looked behind him was enough to make his blood run cold. The

store that he had been in had been completely glitched out of his reality… that or he was pulled through the screen and into a separate reality… either way, the sea of white behind him held one single and undeniable truth. He could see a small square in the distance, and within it, he could see the store as well as two young men planted right in front of it, with one holding the unconnected Wii remote. They were busy talking, but the moment the one holding the remote started pressing buttons again… Klao couldn't stop himself from moving.

"...Ohh….shiiiit…"

It was clear what he had done. Not like he had done it intentionally… if anything, it felt more like a set-up. Didn't change the fact that he was somehow taking Link's place in the game to the most perfect degree. His upper wear and overall body proportions were already proof of that, and the leather fingerless gloves wrapping themselves around his hands only added to the growing pile of proof. The cherry on top was the fact that his body responded almost entirely to the Wii remote inputs and those inputs alone. Even his ability to shift himself or turn his head was gradually waning and falling into a pattern of a simple idle animation.

He fought the onslaught of inputs to the best of his ability, but it was futile; he moved where the players wanted him to move. He swung at what the players wanted him to swing at. His body froze anytime the game was paused. He truly felt more like… a video game character rather than a human… and he wasn't sure how to feel about it. He felt a massive weight in his other gloved hand as his fingers automatically tightened dramatically around the massive Hylian shield he now held. The sword and the shield were both being gripped so hard to the point that his hands should hurt… if he could still feel at all, though. One benefit of being a game character must be the lack of any real nerves and, by proxy, pain, he supposes. At least that means he shouldn't really feel it if he takes damage… that was reassuring, he guesses.

Klao could feel the clothes covering his legs and feet starting to shift now as well. It was only a matter of time, really. The trackpants he had on his legs were now starting to simplify, spreading out from the waistline. A muted beige tone working its way into the toughening material. The shade washed over every inch of fabric in a gradual crashing wave that trickled down his pants bit by bit until the trackpants he had on previously were unrecognizable all the way down to the ends. His shoes weren't far behind either, as he could feel the running shoes increasing in size at the heels and stretching up into a boot shape that had a flap of brown leather fold over on itself. The brown leather spread rapidly across both shoes from there, removing all details as it simply smoothed over with the soles of the leather boots darkening from white to more of a tan shade.

There was really no denying it anymore, was there…?

"HYAH!"

He wanted to put a hand over his mouth but, of course, couldn't. Instead of saying out loud that he was becoming Link, he was made to swing at a barrel and let out Link's iconic yell instead. When he tried to talk after that, he couldn't even move his lips apart to let anything out. He seriously couldn't even talk on his own anymore!? What *could* he still do!?

Think. And even then, how well could he really keep it together?

Still, if he were fully in the hands of the player to even a vocal level, then… all he really had that were still his were some of his mental capacities. He couldn't help but feel a growing sense of belonging here, though. He hoped that he was in the hands of a capable player… even if damage was already proven to be trivial at most, he would still much rather avoid experiencing a game over. He wasn't ready to find out what respawning was like firsthand. Also, what would happen to him when the game was shut off? Would he just be frozen? Would he regain full control? Perhaps thinking about it would do nothing but harm…

K1a0 knew the end was near, realizing his original head on top of Link's body must look super strange to those outside in the real world… assuming that's what they even saw on the screen. Still, the tingling running through his facial features and the itch running through his scalp were unmistakable. He wanted to feel his face or go somewhere where he could see his reflection, but no such luck for him was given. All he could do was feel the sensations as they overtook him and sombered out his facial expression. His cheekbones rising slightly, making the polygons now making up his chin to jut further out.

His face was taking on a much smoother and polygonal appearance overall that aligned perfectly with the rest of his body. His skin overall had a bit of a tan to it, a complexion that aligned well for somebody who was outside most of the time. Even his lips were taking on a darker complexion as they also thinned out slightly while simultaneously stretching a bit wider. His nose sank lower on his face while also shifting slightly in overall shape to be a bit more slanted. Those changes were all subtle… the following changes were far less subtle. The final changes.

It started with his eyes growing far more animated than before, pushing his glasses up towards the top of his head. The colour of his eyes remained untouched, but the pupils within his blue irises were growing much larger, whereas they hadn't been very visible before. Thick eyelashes also forming in above his eyes while his eyebrows and hair were lightening up to a shinier blonde colouration. His hair didn't grow much, but it did become a bit messier, flopping over his forehead in a more disheveled way, as if his hair constantly undergoes drastic movements and harsh environments. His sideburns were the only thing to shrink away somewhat and become shorter. A brief spike of force struck through his earlobes as small blue rings pierced through them. Simultaneously, the structure of his ears shifted, emanating some slight popping sounds as they both stretched and pointed out to align with his new Hylian heritage.

The finishing touch was the softening glasses that had slid atop his head. The metal frames glowing bright green as the soft material spread out and meshed in with itself to form a floppy conical shape

that fit over the top of his cranium exactly. The colour matched his tunic exactly as the new hat nestled itself peacefully upon his head. The hat almost seemed to have a resounding effect on his glitchy memories and thought processes as a large chunk of his memories, including his own name, dismantled into a bunch of intertwined 1s and 0s, creating all sorts of new information for this digital character's experiences.

What was in his inventory.
What enemies he had fought.
What side quests were active.
Every little piece of the code becoming one with his own thoughts and feelings, to the point that he could not think of any other name for himself besides 'Link.'

'GAME PAUSED'

By proxy, he paused.

He still wasn't sure what was truly in store for him when these two were done playing and left, but… he didn't seem as scared anymore. Whatever happened, he was no longer holding the reins to his own body, and the code that made up his mindset far outweighed the memories that he retained from his previous life, and he had come to terms with that. At the end of the day…

…he was getting the most immersive gameplay of Legend of Zelda: Skyward Sword one could possibly ask for, directly through the eyes of the hero himself.